

Boston, April 20, 1848.

3 o'clock, morning.

Dear George:

78 I do not know that you have been apprised of the illness of our dear babe, Elizabeth Pease, since she was taken down with the lung fever a fortnight last Monday, preceded by an attack of the influenza. For a time, we thought her somewhat dangerously sick, and soon called in the medical aid of our homoeopathic friend, Dr. Geist. For a few days past, though much emaciated, she has appeared to be slowly improving; so that we have had no serious apprehensions in regard to her case. Yesterday afternoon, however, her symptoms changed decidedly for the worse, and after considerable restlessness, she expired without a groan or struggle, quite imperceptibly indeed, in the arms of Mrs. Meriam, a little before 1 o'clock this (Thursday) morning. From her birth she has been a feeble child, and seldom in apparent good health. Her breathing apparatus always seemed defective, which indicated something of organic disease; but after her weaning, she gradually grew weak, and though rallying occasionally, was at last overcome by inflammation of the lungs. "Dust to dust, and the spirit to God who gave it." We shall commit her dear remains to the earth ^{to-morrow (Friday)} ~~on Saturday~~ afternoon, making the funeral as private and simple as practicable. You and Catherine have suffered a similar bereavement, and therefore know experimentally how to sympathise with us in our loss.

For a month past, our house has been little better than a hospital. We have all been down with the influenza, and the attack has been of a violent character. I have been severely affected, with considerable fever and great pressure upon the brain, as well as a hard cough upon the lungs; and also with an erysipelas swelling and eruption in the face, besides being daily tormented with the St. Anthony's fire in my hands and feet, causing them to itch and swell very much. Of course, it is better that the humor should be out than be in. I am now slowly mending, with a "good for nothing" feeling hanging about me. Dear Helen has had a severe time of it. Her cold has been exceedingly troublesome, and constantly renewing; and having had so much anxiety of mind in regard to our suffering babe, and ^{been} deprived so long of her regular sleep, she is quite worn down. Sarah has also largely shared in the general epidemic, and is at present very weak, though cheerful and uncomplaining as usual. By and by, we shall all throw off this robe of mortality, and thus be delivered from "the ills that flesh is heir to." To exist in a spiritual body, subject to no sickness or decay, is an animating thought, and may well reconcile us to a temporary sojourn here, while it makes the act of earthly dissolution far from being an event to be deplored.

Hoping that you and your dear family are all well, and that you will take special care of your own health, and transmitting the most affectionate remembrances from Helen and Sarah, I remain, dear George,
Yours, with immortal aspirations,
Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

P. S. Our beloved friend Henry C. Wright, after an absence of several weeks, lecturing in Worcester county on the things pertaining to the true Kingdom of peace and humanity, returned to our house last evening. The babe has died since he retired to rest, and he is not yet apprised of the event. It is good to have so good a man here to sympathise with us in such an hour.



George W. Benson,
Northampton,
Mass.

100	850
100	2100
100	<u>1250</u>
200	
50	
<u>225</u>	
250	
<u>1125</u>	
1250	
<u>2375</u>	

100	ARR.	11.00
100	Y.P.	3.00
100	G.P.	9.00
50	PRIC.	<u>23.00</u>
200	G.N.	
100		
<u>850</u>		
1000		
<u>1180</u>		
		0.50
		<u>11.80</u>

510 =
3,30
 8,70
 1460 wanted
 2300